

"LOOPING THE LOOP."

(Some Amended Proverbs suggested by the exploits at the Aquarium and the Crystal Palace.)

Look before you loop.

A loop in time saves nine lives.

A loop in the air is worth two in the bush.

Loop me, loop my dog.

There's many a slip 'twixt the loop and the inquest.

It is a long loop that has no turning.

Those that loop near glass houses should not throw stones.

Who loops with "DIAVOLO" should have a long spoon-brake.

It's an ill loop that brings no manager good.

It's a wise child that knows his own father upside down.

A looping bike gathers no moss.

'Tis looping makes the world go round.

Brevity is the soul of loops.

You can lead a horse to the Aquarium, but you can't make him loop.

Procrastination is the thief of loops.

Half a loop is worse than no chute.

A loop is as good as a broken neck to a blind man.

ANY NIECE AND ANY UNCLE.

[The following correspondence seems to explain why three excellent seats on a stand in Whitehall were unoccupied when the Procession passed last Saturday.]

The Pines, Croydon.

DEAR UNCLE JACK,—Will you come and take ARTHUR and me to see the Procession on Saturday? Papa bought three places for us and Fräulein, but now Fräulein is ill, and Papa does not think he will be able to go with us. And we can't go alone. Papa says he's sure you'll refuse, but ARTHUR and I say you wouldn't be so unkind.

Your loving little niece,

MAISIE HILLINGDON.

Bachelors' Club.

DEAR MAISIE,—Of course I will come. It is disgraceful of Papa to say I should refuse. I shall be delighted.

Your loving Uncle, JACK.

The Pines, Croydon.

DEAREST UNCLE JACK,—You are an angel! Papa was awfully astonished to hear you'd said "Yes." We shall expect you here in time for dinner on Friday.

Your loving MAISIE.

Bachelors' Club.

DEAR MAISIE,—All right. I'll turn up in time for dinner on Friday night. Tell Papa he'll be green with envy when he hears how we've enjoyed ourselves. Where are your seats? And how do we get to them?

Your loving Uncle, JACK.



THE TWELFTH.

(Gilderstein in the Highlands.)

Guild. (his first experience.) "I'VE BEEN SWINDLED! THAT CONFOUNDED AGENT SAID IT WAS ALL DRIVIN' ON THIS MOOR, AND LOOK AT IT, ALL HILLS AND SLOSH! NOT A DECENT CARRIAGE ROAD WITHIN TEN MILES!"

The Pines, Croydon.

DEAREST UNCLE JACK,—Our seats are on a stand in the upper end of Whitehall. They're just a *tiny* bit difficult to get to from here, but that only makes it more fun. And they're *lovely* seats. We are to get up at four in the morning, just like the larks, and drive all the way from Croydon, as the trains will all be too full and we must get to our seats by eight at the very latest. ARTHUR and I are taking a box of chocolates with us in case we get hungry, as the Procession doesn't pass till lunch-time. Papa says we must buy some Bovril lozenges for you. We are all to bring waterproofs, as the stand is not covered in and it may rain. Besides,

they will be useful to sit on, as the seats are sure to be wet. After the Procession has passed we shall try and get something to eat somewhere, but I expect it won't be possible, as all the shops will be crowded. Then we shall all drive back to Croydon together. Won't it be jolly!

Your loving niece,
MAISIE HILLINGDON.

[Telegram.]

To Maisie Hillingdon, *The Pines, Croydon.*

Sorry. Can't be with you on Saturday. Important business.
UNCLE JACK.

WHO GOES ABROAD?

Now sinks the peace of curtained gloom
On talkers lingeringly belated,
And golden silence fills the room
Of speech at best electro-plated.

Here ends the actual Seventh Clause !
And lo ! our children's Educators,
Haggard with faking dubious laws,
Burst out in tweeds and sporting gaiters.

Some to the moorlands fit away
In quest of grouse or vulgar rabbits,
Intent to snatch their early prey
Before it learns elusive habits.

Others, whose taste for game is marred
By inability to fell it,
Will urge against the bunker's guard
The scarcely less innocuous pellet.

Gourmands, whose girth is witness to
The New Procedure's pause for dinner,
Will hie to Homburg and pursue
The water-course that leaves you thinner ;

While some, impelled by no disease,
But just the tripper's fine afflatus,
Will seek Lugano's grateful breeze
Or lap the mists that crown Pilatus.

And there, with low obsequious bow,
Mine host, of Fatherland extraction,
Will brush their boots and disavow
His country's anti-British action.

Who would recall—so swift the play
Of flattering tongue and smile that flutters—
What filth his fellows flung our way
From Berlin's insalubrious gutters ?

Or, tickled by his vocal trill,
While other Deutschers growl like thunder,
Hint reasons why he would not kill
The goose that laid the golden plunder ?

'Tis true that, now the war 's at close,
I catch from Germany a rumour
How her official prints propose
To readjust their sense of humour—

That 's well ! But I reserve my heart,
Lashed by a stout and steely tether,
For such as take my country's part
In heavy, as in halcyon, weather.

Therefore, although my native beach
Just now I think of taking root on,
My spirit flies to where the speech,
But not the local tone, is Teuton.

Thither my body too should fare,
Nor leave my *ego* split in sections,
Only I simply could not bear
To brutalize these Swiss affections ;

For there, where Love and Nature flow
Alike with milk (condensed) and honey,
My gratitude could never go
And take the shape of sordid money !

Nay, nay, mine host, be very sure
I dearly prize your troth's persistence,
But, just to prove your motives pure,
I 'll let you love me from a distance !

O. S.

THE WAY THEY SHOULD HAVE IN THE ARMY.

[“He was driving, when he narrowly avoided running over a man. The man swore, and the lieutenant cut at him with his whip. The man seized the whip and thrashed the officer with it about the head. He then flung the whip in his face, and made off. Upon the matter coming to the knowledge of the officers of the Hussar Regiment they formed a court of honour, and found that the lieutenant was guilty of a breach of the regulations in not cutting his assailant down, and sentenced him to expulsion from the regiment—which, of course, means from the army.”—*Daily Express*.]

MILITARY honour is proverbially a tender plant, but in Austria it seems, according to this story, to be almost too tender to bear the light. *Mr. Punch* hopes it is not true that Mr. BRODRICK has under his consideration the following regulations for the preservation of the honour of British officers against the brutal civilian :—

1. Should an officer, meeting a civilian, observe that he looks at him too hard, he shall draw his sword and threaten the said civilian.

2. Should the civilian continue to look at him the officer shall, after warning, beat him with the flat of his sword.

3. Should the civilian utter unseemly words or otherwise retort, the officer shall use the point of his sword so as to draw blood, the amount of blood to be determined by the unseemliness of the language of the said civilian.

4. Should the civilian thereupon attempt to strike, knock, or otherwise wound the officer, the latter shall cut off the arm with which the said civilian attacks him.

5. Should the civilian, in spite of this, and in defiance of all rules of honour, succeed in striking, knocking, or otherwise wounding the officer, the latter shall at once cut him into six pieces, after which he shall spring up to attention.

N.B.—Paragraph 5 does not apply to Volunteer officers, who are only required to cut their assailant into four pieces, after which they must spring up to attention.

THE FLIRT EXCUSED.

[“The woman flirt is a very amiable sinner, lends new zest to the sunshine, brightens the flowers, helps to pass the time. Her sinning arises, in most cases, from an innocent desire to please the other sex. Who would be ungrateful enough to quarrel with so amiable an object ?”—*The Lady's Pictorial*.]

It 's kind of you, MABEL my love, to unbend
To your masculine friends and relations
And on heart-broken, world-weary mortals to spend
The wealth of your sweet fascinations.
Your sensitive nature I surely should hurt
If I treated your ways with suspicion,
For I know that, though others may call you a flirt
You are really fulfilling a mission.

There 's poor Captain JONES, who is satisfied quite
That his lot is what 's known as a “hard 'un,”
How thoughtful you showed yourself, MABEL, last night,
When you took him that stroll in the garden !
While CHARLEY DE VERE, at her ladyship's ball,
Seemed dullest and saddest of dancers,
Till with you he 'd sat out, in a nook of the hall,
Six valses and two sets of lancers.

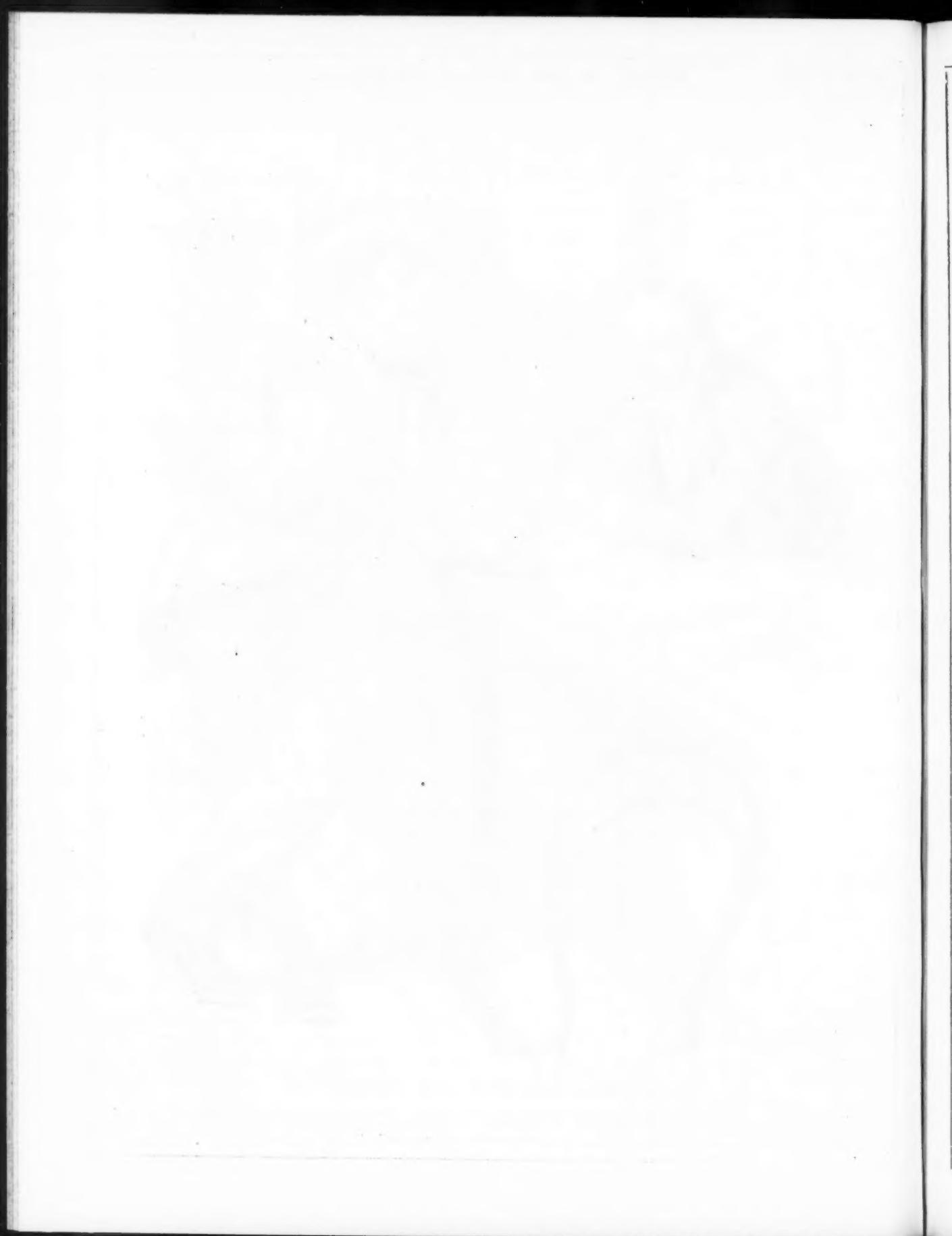
At dinners, at picnics, at balls you refuse
To no one your life-giving potion ;
The men that you 've cured of the dumps and the blues
Outnumber the sands of the ocean.
But since your *fiancé* is somewhat depressed,
And clouds o'er his happiness lower,
Oh ! won't you give some of your patients a rest,
And grant him a taste of your power ?

THERE is an old English family in which at least beautiful women should always be found. For what would the PEELS be without a fair number of belles ?



"NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS."

Tourist Agent (to Mr. John Bull, who contemplates a holiday on the Continent). "FOREIGN COUNTRIES QUITE CIVIL, SIR, NOW THE WAR'S OVER. GREAT CHANGE IN THEIR VIEWS!"
John Bull. "NOT IN THEIR SCENERY, I HOPE. THAT'S WHAT I GO ABRACD FOR."



CORONATION HATS AND THE FIRST COMMISSIONER.

(To Mr. Punch.)

SIR.—It is quite likely that you will not receive this till after the Coronation, as the posts from this village are infrequent enough on ordinary occasions, and disappear almost entirely when confronted by a Bank Holiday and a Sunday. Moreover, even you will have been holiday-making, and neglecting to fill your numerous waste-paper baskets with your usual correspondence. So you may not know till it is over that I am not going to the Coronation at all.

I am by nature a brave man. I should have faced undaunted the innumerable terrors of the English climate; of the English crowds—so noisy since Mafeking night; of the English horns, whistles, squeaks, ticklers, and all the other instruments of national, if not rational, rejoicing; I should have braved the threatened dangers of fire, of falling stands, of prolonged fatigue; I should even have tried to gaze, without feeling ill, at many of the so-called "decorations," whether English or Italian; but I could not face, from behind, the ladies' hats. Why pay for a seat, even at greatly reduced prices, only to survey a mass of millinery?

So I fled to this secluded spot. I may remark that there is no millinery here, but that the villagers seem to be providing themselves with horns, whistles, squeaks, ticklers, &c., for the great occasion.

It was all very well for you to try your best, but I am sure every woman would say that you, *Mr. Punch*, are such a good-natured old dear that you could not really object to her new hat, which is only a quarter of a yard high—well, perhaps it is nearer three-quarters of a yard, if anyone is so silly as to measure to the top of the feathers.

No, *Mr. Punch*, there is only one man who could have secured justice for the male spectators, the responsible Minister, the First Commissioner of Works, and he was too frightened.

Poor, timid Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS, at last he and his subordinates have been defeated. He who is so meek and unassuming, and his nominal subordinate, Lord ESHER, who is of course the same, have not feared to grapple with the problems of the new Government Offices, and to design them, as they think, with greater skill than the original architects. They have not feared, without assisting the traffic in the least, to widen the widest part of Piccadilly, and ruin its appearance for ever. Last June they even



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"BUT THOU ART FAIR, AND AT THY BIRTH, DEAR BOY,
NATURE AND FORTUNE JOINED TO MAKE THEE GREAT."
King John, Act III., Sc. 1.

ventured to transform the front of the National Gallery into a mass of wood apparently arranged for a bonfire, but happily so soaked by rain that intending seatholders upon it were compensated for the prospect of inevitable rheumatism by the reflection that the national pictures behind it were safe. Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS and the others never uttered a word of protest against similar preparations for a bonfire around St. Paul's Cathedral. Nor have they protested against the destruction of the trees in St. Margaret's churchyard by an obstinate parson. By Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS and the other officials, equally ignorant of the arts, the new Record Office is said to be a thing of beauty. In all these matters, he, and Lord ESHER and the others have conclusively shown that they think they know better than anybody else, and

now at last they have been completely bowled over by some women's hats.

But the First Commissioner did Lord ESHER an injustice. He, at least, would never have feared to rush in and prescribe the headgear even of angels. He would have drawn up rules for hats and regulations for toques and a complete Building Act for bonnets. Is it conceivable that he would have been frightened by a feather or beaten by a bow? Never! But Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS did not give him the chance of issuing an edict, and he was too timid to do it himself.

So I have abandoned all idea of seeing the Procession, or, rather, the hat which would have hidden it entirely.

Yours obediently,
Mudby-in-the-Marsh, C. LITTLE.
August 2.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

VIII.—THE KING'S PEACE.

It is Coronation night, and I have come out—more from a feeling of dogged obstinacy than from any other reason—to see the illuminations. To tell the truth I am determined to be able to say that I have enjoyed the Coronation, and hitherto fortune has not smiled upon me. For the greater part of the day I have been standing in tight boots, wedged in between two stertorous foreigners—who seem to have breakfasted on a sole diet of garlic—this, in order eventually to be rewarded with a glimpse of two white plumes and the top of a lance. But to-night my chance of enjoyment is at any rate as good as that of the seated plutocrats of the day.

The prevalent spirit seems to be a determination to express complete satisfaction. It is well voiced, I think, by a festive navvy who, holding up his hand for a silence which is not granted, observes, "Fellow-countrymen! Peace 'as been 'claimed, and to-day the KING 'as been crowned. 'Ooray!'" and promptly goes to sleep against a shop-front. It is a general feeling which has different methods of expression. A large number seem to find it an adequate reason for knocking off other people's hats. Numerous choral bands are conclusively expressing their loyalty and ratifying the Peace by aiming ingenuous blows with bladders at the heads of respectable people—of whom I am one.

This does not increase my enjoyment of the evening; further, I have to submit to the ignominy of being addressed as BERTIE, and tickled in the face with peacock's feathers by muscular ladies to whom I am certain that I have never had an introduction. I am particularly struck by the irrelevancy of the song part of the demonstration. One gentleman has arrayed himself from head to foot in a huge Union Jack in order repeatedly to break the news of his impending departure from DOLLY. An unescorted lady in a tricolor paper cap is making an impersonal appeal to be buried by the old yew tree, a suggestion which, to my regret, nobody seems ready to act upon.

As I contemplate all this, a bullet-headed young man of ruffianly aspect steps up to me, and without troubling to speak, motions to me that he requires the aid of my cigarette. At this he proceeds to light what looks like half a dirty cigarette paper screwed round some sand. As he does so there is a sudden and violent interruption.

Kollop!

A bladder-wielding party have picked

off my companion on the back of his bullet head. In an instant he swings round, and lets out like lightning with his foot, and simultaneously one of the bladder-wielders sits down heavily in a winkle-stall. The next moment I am aware that another of the party has dropped the bladder of peace, and is aiming a blow with his fist at my head. There is no time for explanations; I stoop and tackle the man "low," and he measures his length on the pavement.

It seems to me that an explanation would now be out of place. The bullet-headed young man has disappeared with a completeness that borders on the miraculous. I turn and walk away from the scene of action, not without a feeling of elation. I have acquitted myself as a Briton should. It is but a few hours since I witnessed the inspiring pageant of two white plumes and the top of a lance. I am a son of the Empire. At the same time I feel that it will be advisable to take the next bus.

With these reflections I step firmly—and briskly—into the road. Suddenly I am seized from behind by the collar. I turn, and in a moment find myself the centre of an excited group of the bladder fraternity.

"D'you know what you've done?" yells their loudest spokesman, punctuating his remarks upon my person. "You've killed my pal, that's what you've done. You'll jest come back with us. -We've sent for a copper."

I endeavour to enter into explanations, but without success. I am hustled back by a yelling group, growing larger every moment, to where the man whom I had "tackled low" is lying on his back unskillfully simulating insensibility. The loudest of my escort is becoming too vigorous in the punctuation of his remarks to suit my taste. I manage to get my back to a shop-front, and find myself facing an unpleasantly large crowd.

"You'll jest see a copper about this!" yells the *fidus Achates* of the deceased.

I assure the mob, and with truth, that I am perfectly ready to do so. It is the course that I should myself have chosen. The crowd is increasing every moment. ACHATES has circulated a report that I have knocked a man down and kicked him to death. The mob is expressing its opinion that such a proceeding is un-English. ACHATES' policy of fetching a policeman seems to be superseded by a general desire for my blood. One man on the outskirts of the crowd is original enough to suggest that my defence should be given a hearing. I catch a glimpse directly afterwards of his prudently hasty departure. It is here that I have a sudden recollection of my form-

master at school describing Public Opinion as "a splendid safeguard." I begin to have serious fears that the KING's Coronation is about to be marred by the loss of a valuable subject, and, changing my attitude, endeavour to convey the impression of a wholesome fear of police interference.

ACHATES becomes exultant.

"Don't you think you're goin' to get off," he yells—colon here, on my chest—"You'll spend the night in a cell, I can tell yer."

I sincerely hope he may prove a true prophet. As it is, I am more than apprehensive of spending the night with the rest of time as unrecognisable remains.

"Yer friend got away, did 'e?" continues ACHATES—double mark of interrogation—"but you won't. You'll swing for this."

At this point there is a diversion in the middle of the crowd, and I gather that my victim has returned from the land of the dead.

At the same moment I feel a tug at my sleeve. I turn, and am confronted by a wizened little man wearing a Coronation button.

"Look 'ere, Sir," he remarks confidentially, "you're in a myenority 'ere." I am bound to admit it.

"If you take my advice, Sir," he continues, "you'll clear out o' this."

I express my gratitude for this valuable counsel. But the little man is a man of action. Taking me by the arm he begins to pull me roughly through the mob, whose attention has to some extent been transferred to the miraculous resurrection of my victim. How the little man does it I cannot altogether understand, but in half a minute he has me outside the crowd, and is walking with me down the road. A few vegetable missiles find their billet in the back of my neck. The occasion strikes me as a suitable one for hailing a cab.

I offer the little man a solid token of my appreciation, but he will take nothing.

"That's all right, Sir," he says. "You were in a myenority. You drive off 'ome, that's my advice to you."

I am unable to prevail upon him.

"That's all right, Sir," he repeats. "Good-night, Sir. I saw you was in a myenority."

The little Samaritan glides down a side street. The cab starts off, and, leaning back with a sigh of relief, I meditate on the blessings of Peace.

First Johnnie. Hullo, old chappie, what did you do for the Coronation?

Second Johnnie. Oh, well, old man, I didn't overstrain myself: but I felt something was expected of me, so I wore a Coronation necktie.

CORONATION NOTES.

MANY 'buses had Grand Double Fares in honour of the Coronation. Others, determined not to be outdone in loyalty, trebled theirs.

One enterprising 'bus labelled "Mammoth Fares!" attracted large numbers of country people.

A short-sighted gentleman in the stand erected in Parliament Square created a scene by insisting on Lord BEACONSFIELD sitting down.

One of the most wonderful features of the Coronation was the temporary addition to Westminster Abbey. It was absolutely impossible to say where the old left off and the new began, and those who know their British Workman fear that, unless very careful instructions are given, when the time arrives to remove the temporary structure, the whole of the Abbey may be pulled down.

Business capacity was more apparent than good taste in some of the decorations. For instance:—

"HIS MAJESTY EATS JONES'S PICKLED PINEAPPLE.

LONG LIVE THE KING!"

"MARY JANE" writes that those who did not see Kensington Gardens a few days before the Coronation missed something worth seeing. It was got up exactly like Paradise. It was one mass of soldiers.

Three fashionably-dressed ladies, who had booked seats through an agent, made a regrettable scene when they drove up in their carriage on Saturday. They then discovered they had to sit behind a glass shop-window bearing the words, "The Cheapest Hats in London."

But that was really nothing to the fuss made by the two spinster sisters whose day was entirely spoiled by the notice, similarly placed, "Must be cleared. No offer refused."

If the gentleman from the New Cut who found the Handsome Gold Watch, lost by a Gentleman from Belgravia in the crowd on Coronation Night, will call on the latter, he will be suitably rewarded.

The merry little shoe-black who greeted one of our Dusky Visitors with the question, "Shine your face, Sir?" expects to be out of the hospital in a fortnight.

The gentleman who, on Saturday night, when out to view the decorations, climbed a creeper made of paper to pluck a xylonite apple, lies in a precarious condition.

Great diversity of opinion prevailed among noble lords as to the correct



BINKS, WHO IS THE KINDEST CREATURE POSSIBLE, HAS UNDERTAKEN TO FASTEN UP THE BOAT AND BRING ALONG THE SIPHONS. UNFORTUNATELY BOTH SCULLS HAVE GONE, AND HIS FRIENDS ARE OUT OF HEARING.

fashion of wearing a coronet at the Abbey last week. Lord SALISBURY, I hear, wore his tipped over his nose. Lord ROSEBERY's, on the contrary, was perched negligently on the back of his head, while Lord LANSDOWNE, perhaps in memory of his recent connection with the War Office, had his cocked jauntily over one ear like a forage cap.

The limited amount of seating accommodation provided for each peeress at the Coronation gave rise to inconvenience in many cases. Thus Lady PORTLY and Lady REGULAR-BIGGUN, whose seats were next one another, at once realised that the number of inches allotted to each of them was miserably inadequate. The difficulty was, however, settled in a friendly fashion, the two ladies drawing lots to decide which of them should stay away.

The problem of securing sufficient nourishment during the long hours

which elapsed between taking their seats in the Abbey and the entrance of His MAJESTY exercised the minds of several great ladies. The Duchess of ST. MAW took with her an ample supply of pemmican, Lady POULTRY hard-boiled eggs, Lady GUZZLER consumed Proteid biscuits and *pâté de foie gras*. Lady DYSEPSIA TOMPKINS, being a vegetarian, supported herself surreptitiously on lentils, while Lady MIDAS ate meat-juice out of a tin with a gold spoon.

GOOD OPENING FOR AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

"To-night we have swollen altogether out of our original proportions."—Report of Lord ROSEBERY's Speech at the Liberal League Banquet.

AN order appears in the *Gazette* to the effect that August 9 is hereafter to be observed as a Collar Day. Why not as a Bank-Collar-Day?



Tripper. "ERE ! 'ARF A MO' ! WHERE'S THE CHANGE OUT O' THAT BOB I GAVE YER ?"
Bystander. "DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, OCKY, AIN'T YOU GOT THE BLOOMIN' 'OSS AS SECURITY ?"

A CANTO OF CLARET.

(To W. J. J.)

On an evening—oh, it was long ago
 In the years when life had a rosy glow,
 When each black cloud, though we never feared it,
 Yielded and faded the more we neared it,
 Like a thin wan mist by the sun's rays scattered ;
 And nothing at all in the wide world mattered,
 Nothing but joy and the right to choose it,
 And the strength of our arms and the right to use it ;
 When gold, not ingot or coin or bar,
 But better and richer and rarer far,
 Was ours, not toiled for or snatched for or groped for,
 In the friends we had and the friends we hoped for,
 All of them tested and staunch and truthful—
 And all, like ourselves, immensely youthful—
 On a certain evening in mid-November
 We sat and we talked—do you remember ?
 And all of a sudden, neat and thin,
 A third to our party came gliding in ;
 Neat and thin and sedate and prim,
 With a fine smooth cap, and a dress so prim
 That the least rough movement might disarrange it ;
 And a look—but I didn't wish to change it—
 Fixed and sober and cool and quiet,
 With never a hint of noise or riot ;
 So calm and gentle that, but for staring,
 We might have missed when a fire came flaring

Forth from his eyes, so swift and bright
 As the sparks from a horse's hoofs at night,
 When the road gleams out by his gallop fired—
 So quickly it flashed and so expired.
 Then he looked you here and he looked you there,
 And I thought, thought I, I must speak him fair.
 He's a gentleman, every inch, that's clear ;
 So let him be welcome and sit down here ;
 And if he can talk, so much the better :
 Right gladly I'll listen, and be his debtor
 For a story told, and, unless I'm cheated,
 It's bound to be good—so I said, "Be seated ;
 Be seated, friend, at your utmost ease,
 And tell us your story, if you please." "Tis."

(To be continued.)

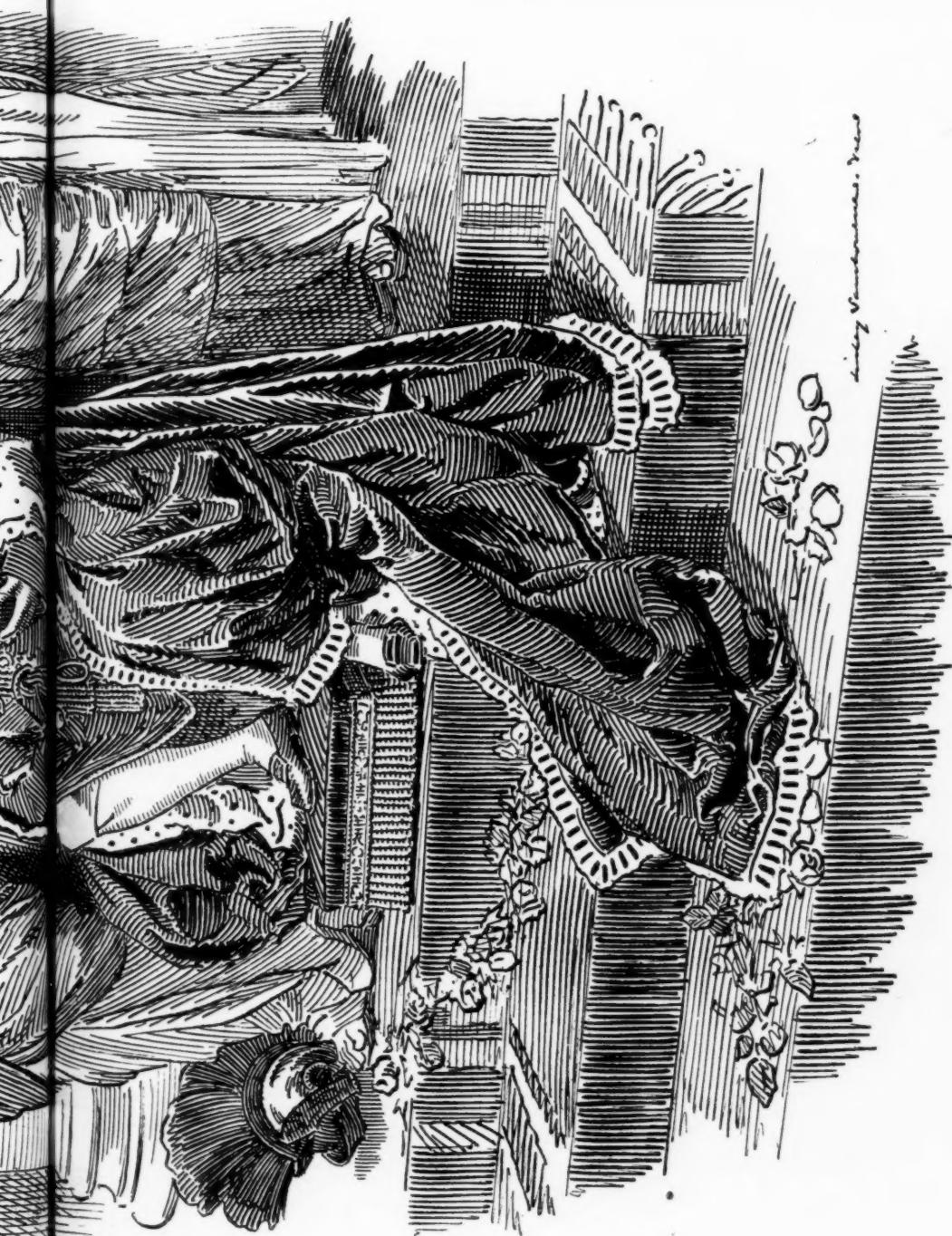
Rice v. Confetti.

It seems that in Siam there is still a preference for the old custom of discharging rice at wedding festivities. Thus we read in Reuter's cable from that region : "Six hundred Shans still hold Muang Pray They are collecting rice and making ammunition."

The account goes on to say, "The Shans have killed twenty-five Siamese officials Eight Europeans remain at Pray."

We fear there is folly in this contempt of danger. As the poet said : "And fools that came to Pray, remained to scoff."



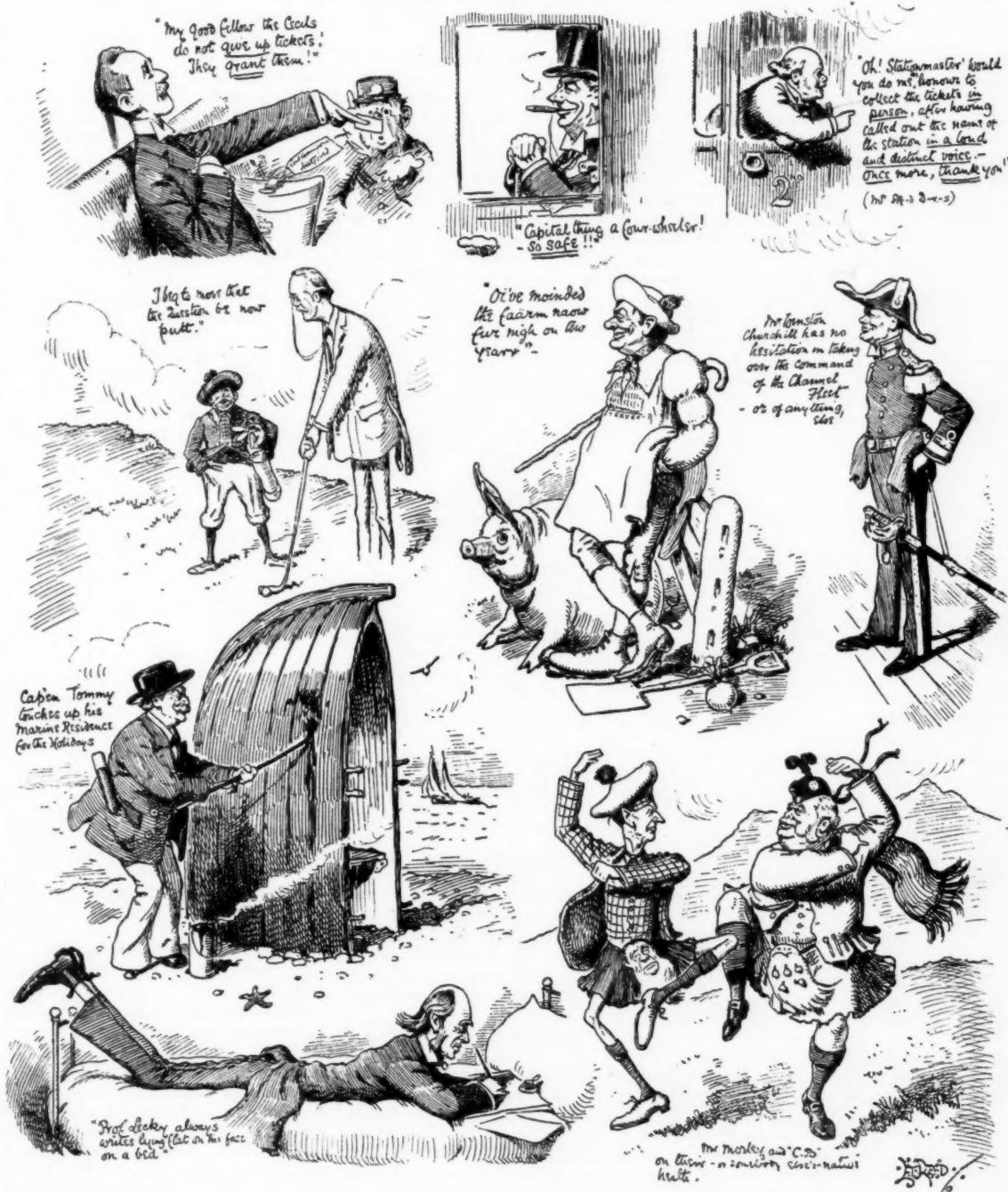


EMPIRE AND PEACE.

Coronation, Westminster Abbey, August 9. Naval Review, August 16.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



"RECESSINAL."

House of Commons, Monday, August 4. — Much struck with WALTER FOSTER's approach to Front Opposition Bench. Appearance weirdly transmogrified.

That "bedside manner," that has for a quarter of a century been the comfort of Birmingham and its proximity, vanished. "Instead of which," as the

judge said, there is a distinct military bearing about the kindly doctor. Has hastily improvised a moustache, which in its truculent twist faintly recalls HERMON

HODGE's masterpiece. When he approached the Table, instead of bowing in ordinary fashion, he halted, brought his heels together with snap, above which you could almost hear the jangling of spurs; with sweep of arm carried stiff right hand to touch his martial brow in salute of SPEAKER.

Mystery solved when House got into Committee of Supply. Army Estimate under consideration. All the colonels mustered on parade. C.-B., whose scorn of week-enders is well known, went away on Thursday; hasn't been seen since. On eve of departure confided Leadership of Opposition to BRYCE. The anguish BRYCE went through on Friday night, when he endeavoured to keep HUMPHREYS-OWEN straight on his amendment to Seventh Clause of Education Bill, temporarily prostrated a frame undermined by ascent in early life of Mount Ararat. Post of Leader of Opposition accordingly delegated to Sir WALTER FOSTER, M.D., Consulting Physician, author of that popular work *The Use of Sphygmograph in Heart Disease*.

At proper time, when a few colonels and such-like had spoken, FOSTER fell in and delivered luminous address from Front Opposition point of view on general policy of the War Office, with special reference to judgment in horse flesh and accuracy of range with the wind in the south-west. BRODRICK, who followed in defence of his Department, was rather nasty. Valuable remarks, he observed, had been made by gallant gentlemen on either side of the House; but he didn't think much of the contributions of the Member for the Ilkeston Division. Some suggestions he had advanced were impracticable; others had been in force for some years.

This, however, only professional jealousy. Nothing war veterans dislike more than to see a civilian poking his nose into the barracks. During the siege of Paris GAMBETTA, it will be remembered, suffered from this prejudice.

Business done.—Fourscore votes in Army Estimates passed as quickly as Members could march round Division Lobbies.

Tuesday night.—It never rains but it pours, especially in Cowes Week. STANLEY has had much to put up with lately, including Mr. WEIR. To-night, serving his country by explaining what had become of the vast supply of clothing sent out to South Africa, was suddenly interrupted by SPEAKER with stern cry of "Order! order!" Happened at moment to be dealing with the stock of nether garments. In his haste, spoke *tout court* of "trowsers." Vague recollections of virgin society, where the word was taboo, flashed on his troubled

mind. Was trowser an un-Parliamentary word? Did reference to it hurt the delicate sensibilities of Irish Members? STANLEY furtively looked across floor to see if WILLIAM O'BRIEN was in his place. No.

His next impulse was to withdraw trowsers—of course I mean the word. About to withdraw and apologise in customary fashion when he comprehended the situation. It was 10 o'clock; at that hour, on this particular day, it was ordained talk should cease and voting commence. Stranger in gallery, looking down on scene through afternoon, profoundly puzzled. Had read something of urgency of situation; since he took his seat in gallery had

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in.

Thursday night.—After long, laborious Session Mr. WEIR, packing up his *pince-nez*, goes off to his moor with contented mind. In these closing days of first division of Session has had his hour of triumph.

Has brought Financial Secretary to the War Office to his knees; has pounded Pall Mall with blows, the sound of which fell upon alarmed ears in the equally faulty Department at Whitehall.

All about the remounts. Report current that a number of horses at Stellenbosch, fed with chaff, had retorted with glanders. Consequence was, six hundred had to be shot.

"As a rule," says STANLEY, with fine irony, "glanders is not a disease horses catch through eating chaff."

Frivolity of remark touched Mr. WEIR to the quick. "The noble lord," he said, pumping up funereal voice from its tomb in his boots, "defends the practice of feeding horses with chaff."

"I did nothing of the kind," said STANLEY; which was, indeed, the truth.

"Very well," said Mr. WEIR, waving him off; "a most unsympathetic reply—most unsympathetic. Will the noble lord deny that the horses had the glanders? No, Mr. LOWTHER, he can't. Then, why quibble? Does he deny the horses were fed with chaff? or that in consequence six hundred of them were shot? Ah, Mr. LOWTHER, I'm thinking of my poor cottars in the Highlands and islands, who will have to go without many a half-ounce of tobacco. A most unsympathetic speech. I shall move the reduction of the Vote by £100."

In vain Members near besought him not to put Committee to trouble of Division. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir WALTER FOSTER, V.C., rising from front Opposition bench, with colourless imitation of the Squire of Malwood's figure and manner, recommended him, as his Leader *pro tem.*, to withdraw. Mr. WEIR was obdurate.

"Most unsympathetic speech," he murmured; "feeding horses with chaff!"

There was, perhaps, personal feeling in this last matter. Six hundred horses fed with chaff at Stellenbosch had succumbed to glanders. In House of Commons Mr. WEIR always being chaffed. Who could say what might not happen? Anyhow, "an unsympathetic answer by noble lord." LOUGH, of all men, attempted to dissuade him. Mr. WARNER rose from bench immediately below and made a personal appeal.

For all answer, Mr. WEIR said, "I'm thinking of my poor Highlanders."

How they came to be dragged in, whether in connection with the chaff or the glanders, did not appear. Mr. WARNER



TOBY, M.P., "Loops the Loop."

heard the Premier lament the overflow of business and the scarcity of time. Had even hinted at necessity for carrying Session over into next week, to the shattering of domestic plans of Members. Yet by the hour Mr. WEIR, followed by Mr. CALDWELL, delivered prodigious speeches on minute topics before almost empty benches.

Time thus occupied in the freshest hours of the sitting, here was the Financial Secretary to the War Office interrupted in important speech on Army Clothing, his cloth, so to speak, suddenly snipped. And all on the score of urgency, of the preciousness of time, of the weight of business that overwhelmed a working assembly!

Closure enforced, some 300 gentlemen of respectable, even sane, appearance spent hour or two in walking round the Lobbies. "Passing the Report Stage of Supply," the wise call it.



ORATORY.

Park Orator. "AVING SAID ALL I AM GOING TO SAY ON THIS POINT, I WILL RETURN TO WHAT I WAS JUST COMING TO WHEN I WAS INTERRUPTED, AND REPEAT WHAT I WAS PREVENTED FROM SAYING."

was sensible of a scalding tear falling on the unprotected crown of his head. It was Mr. WEIR weeping as he thought of "my Highlanders," not able to borrow a pipe of tobacco from a neighbour all owing to the affair at Stellenbosch. Conquering his emotion, he took a Division.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee.

Friday.—Adjourn for holidays. School re-opens 16th of October.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to one of the best-informed French papers Lord SALISBURY has, since his resignation, accepted service as a spy in the employ of the British Government, and is to reside at Beaulieu.

Will the French ever understand us? In a not very friendly article on the War, just published in one of their journals, there are some ridiculous mistakes. Lord ROBERTS, throughout, is referred to as "le vénérable Robber," and the High Commissioner is always "le lord Millionaire."

The much-advertised Motor Race in the Ardennes turned out to be a poor affair after all, not a single person being killed.

The War Office has officially approved of Motor Cars for the Army, and it now only remains to adopt the wrong sort.

General YOSHONINA, Chief of the Staff of the Japanese Army, is in this country studying British Army methods. Last week he was shown Sandhurst College. "England," as someone said, "does not seek alliances."

The statement that BOSS CROKER, of Tammany fame, intends to enter English Society is untrue. The rumour probably arose from a report that Mr. CROKER has been taking lessons in English.

Last week's list of commercial failures shows one less than the corresponding week of 1901. This must be the boom that was promised after the War.

An International Fire Exhibition is to be held next year, and the English authorities have been invited to contribute to the Retrospective Section.

Captain WELLS has declared that the appliances used by our Fire Brigade are the best in the market. He is now busy getting better ones.

To render more striking the change that is to take place in the ownership of

the Westminster Aquarium, the hall is now in the possession of a gentleman named DIAVOLO.

On dit that the fish are to be eaten by the Directors at a farewell banquet.

ILL-FÊTE-D!

[*"Lord KITCHENER'S entertainers will do well to remember that nervous prostration is a complaint that spares not even generals."*—*Daily Paper.*]

ALAS! for the quiet and rest
To Commoners freely allowed;
While heroes with honours oppressed
For ever must live in a crowd.

Wherever I turn in the street,
My path by admirers is barred;
I scarcely find space for my feet,
While thousands my progress retard.

From banquet to banquet I rush,
To dine in the popular gaze;
Men's plaudits my modesty flush—
I feast on a surfeit of praise.

There come deputations in hordes,
Whose eloquence nought can abate;
My armoury bristles with swords—
I'm glutted with caskets and plate.

Ah! what shall recover for me
The rest I am hankering for?
I long from this turmoil to flee
To peace once again at the war!



BOOKSTALL BUOY.

A Suggestion for the Holiday Season. Would be very handy for the passing Steamers.

SWITCH IS IT?

Sir,—In *Spectator* for August 2, a correspondent, writing about KEATS and Corporal Flogging (good military sounding grade this!) signs himself "ONE OF THE SWITCHED." He may be correct in his spelling ("switch-back" is right, but this was invented after his time and KEATS's), though, personally, being an Eton boy (or rather having been one—but once an Eton boy always an Eton boy, for Etonian youth is perennial), I never heard this word pronounced as spelt by this correspondent of the *Spectator's*. In my time, Sir, "swished" was the invariable pronunciation; we never had to *spell* it, as far as I remember, when Dr. HAWTREY administered the backwardation. To view this retrospectively is, what may be termed, of the very essence of the matter. I feel almost as certain of the spelling of this word as I do of its pronunciation, though, perhaps, now-a-days, I would not for my opinion go to the block, not even on the chance of obtaining remission by pleading "first fault." Yours,

A MERRY SWISH BOY.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The first volume of *Parliament, Past and Present* (HUTCHINSON), a popular picturesque account of a thousand years in the Palace of Westminster, is just out. It confirms the impression recorded in this column on reading the first of the fortnightly parts. My Baronite chances to know something of Parliament during the last thirty years. But he has learnt a great deal from a study of this volume. Mr. ARNOLD WRIGHT and Mr. PHILIP SMITH, old parliamentary hands, joint authors, have done their work admirably. They have left no stone unturned, no record unsearched, for the illumination of their record. Its value is enhanced by the reproduction of a multitude of valuable, not easily accessible, paintings and engravings. *Parliament, Past and Present*, is the best thing of the kind yet done. It will remain the standard work on a subject that has undying fascination for the English-speaking race abroad and at home.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOW IT STRIKES A YANKEE.

You ask me what I think, JOHN? Wal, I've jest ben lookin' round
An' sizin' up things gen'ally, sence I struck English ground.
I've ben here now for quite a spell—sence June, I b'lieve, an' so
I think I'm in position to express my views below.

When I see Injun Princes, yes, an' Fiji niggers, too,
An' strappin' lads from New South Wales, an' that New Zealand crew,
An' all the rest that gathered here for just one single thing,
To show their loyal homage to their EMPEROR an' KING,

Why, JOHN, I tell ye, it's a sight I never kin forget!
It stirred up my old blood-pump so that—wal—it's stirrin' yet!

An' tho' I am a Yankee, JOHN, a loyal Yankee, too,
I couldn't help a-feelin' proud that I come down from you!

I ain't forgot, JOHN, what you did, when I was fightin'
Spain,
When my boy DEWEY, in the East, was givin' them a pain;
Ye know some fellows poked a nose where noses didn't b'long,
An' GEORGE, he didn't waste no time in sayin' it was wrong.

An' when them fellers come to you, to find out what you tho'.

You didn't say a blessed word; but, JOHN, you looked a lot!
That kind o' thing I can't forget, because—wal—I dunno,
The words won't come exactly, JOHN—but—shake! Thar—
now, ye know!

An', then, JOHN, there's some other things that link us, old
and young
Our idees are about the same, 'n' we speak one mother
tongue;

We've had our little scrappin', JOHN, but now we've drawn
the line,
It ain't on your mind much, I guess; I know it ain't on
mine.

You're hard to know, JOHN, sometimes, but when you let
down the bars

There's not a better feller underneath the sun an' stars!
I poke my fun at you, JOHN, an' you poke your fun at me,
But 't's all in best of feelin', cause we understand, you see!

But if some other feller tried to git a little gay,
We mightn't be so playful: ain't that true, JOHN, what I say?
So let me tell ye somethin' on the strict "Q.T."
"strict. con."—

Because it's jest 'tween you an' me, and no one else is "on."

If anyone comes nosin' 'round, and lookin' kinder "fly,"
An' possibly gits over-bold an' holds hisself too high,
Jest bear in mind, now, what I say in confidence to you:
Here—whisper, JOHN—sh!—come up close!—"I've got
some popguns, too!"

U. S. A.

MONLIGHT AT A FASHIONABLE FAIRY WATERING-PLACE.—
"Come and have a flutter," said Puck to a lively little
Fairy.—"No, thank you," she replied. "I prefer to take
a dragon-fly by the hour. It saves my wings."

IRONY OF NOMENCLATURE.—In Paris, just now, whenever two deadly antagonistic bodies wish to have a free fight they make for the Place de la Concorde. The only point on which they are in agreement is as to the place of meeting.

SCIENCE AND ART.

["Professor MARK H. LIDDELL (of America), has written a book called *Introduction to the Study of English Scientific Poetry*. Poetry is literature usually of a high degree of Human Interest, which in addition to its Human Interest has in it an added æsthetic interest due to the arrangement of some easily recognisable and constantly present concomitant of thought-formulation into a form of æsthetic appeal for which an appreciative æsthetic sentiment has been gradually developed in the minds of those who habitually think by means of the language in which the poetry is written." This enlightening definition is further elucidated by an algebraic formula which stands as follows:—"x + HI + VF,"—meaning ideas formulated in terms of correlated sound-groupings + Human Interest + Verse Form."—*Academy.*]

Ah, what is Poetry? You ask.
A thousand critics try
The all-unprofitable task,
And of their ignorance reply.

She is a Maid, say some, who sips
The waters of the sacred well,
And whom she favours, from his lips
Shall sweetest numbers rise and
swell.

She is a Zephyr; poets' souls
Are her Aeolian harps. She sighs
Upon their chords and music rolls—
She passes, and their music dies.

Or she is Love—the wondrous light
That shines in lovers' hearts and
shows
A world all magically bright,
A universe *coulour de rose*.

Or she is Genius—the art
To know what Truth and Justice be;
The thinking mind, the feeling heart,
The ear to hear, the eye to see.

She is a question of the brains—
Grey matter present in excess;
No doubt the two parental strains
Were both a bit abnormal, yes!

Words, words, mere windy words, to
hide
The criticaster's little lore;
Oh, let our answer be supplied
With verbiage less and meaning
more.

Let Science be our guide to-day,
To Rhetoric's effusion deaf.
You ask, what's Poetry? I say
It's *x + HI + VF*.

THE elementary difficulties connected with the manipulation of verbal particles are familiar to readers of sporting journalese, e.g. "Quickening opposite the Doves, the watch showed 35 to the minute." But a record in this kind is established in a contemporary's account of the Surrey and Yorkshire match:—"Rolling out to a grand wicket, the Surrey men commenced in promising fashion."



MAN'S EXTREMITY IS WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

CONSOLATORY!

"C'est la façon dont le sang circule."

WHEN your feet are like lead
(And so is your head)
And your temper is simply infernal,
And your excellent wife,
Worried out of her life,
Remarks on the fact in her journal—

When you growl like a bear,
Or jump up and swear
If a plate is put down with a clatter,
And are quite at a loss
To explain why you're cross
And what in the world is the matter—

When you don't want to live,
And the thought that you give
To your business is fretful and cursory,
And you're sulky at meals,
And can't bear the squeals
That (as usual!) proceed from the
nursery—

When you snarl and you snap,
And you don't care a rap
For the horrible way you're behaving,
And you frequently mention
Your rooted intention
Of cutting your throat while you're
shaving—

When you ponder all day
On the easiest way
Of drowning yourself in the river,
It's a comfort, I find,
To keep clearly in mind
That it's probably only your liver!

"Now," quoth an impecunious nobleman to a cautious architect, "I want a mansion five storeys high."

"It will be very expensive," was the considerate objection.

"Ah," returned my Lord, "but 'that's another storey.' We'll stop at five."



MR. PODSON WAS ADVISED TO TRY BLIND-FOLDING ON A HORSE INCLINED TO BOLT. IT WAS MOST UNFORTUNATE THE ROAD SHOULD HAPPEN TO BE BLOCKED BY A HERD OF CATTLE THE FIRST TIME HE TRIED THE PLAN.

A CORONATION EXECUTION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A fortnight ago my master received the following notice from his laundryman. "In consequence of His MAJESTY's Royal Proclamation that August 9 shall be observed as a National Holiday, will you kindly have any linen you may require washed ready for the man when he calls on Wednesday, August 6, so that I may execute the same with as little inconvenience as possible?"

Dear Mr. Punch, I can only say that he has been true to his word. Perhaps the Editor of your "Notes and Queries" will be interested in observing this savage survival of Sacrificial Rites on the occasion of Public Festivities.

Believe me to be,
The Mangled Remains of
SOME VERY FINE LINEN.

It is reported that an obliging cabman very kindly consented to drive a lady from her house to her seat on the day of the Coronation for the modest sum of six guineas. The normal fare for the distance is two shillings. The example of the cabman might well be followed by others on future occasions of public rejoicing. Thus a "Two-guinea Tube" (pronounced Tuggany)

could hardly fail to be remunerative. In moments of enthusiasm these little things pass almost unnoticed, and in any case America is with us.

A GENTLEMAN writes to the *Morning Post* thus:—

"I was staying at a fashionable hotel on the East coast, whose name I do not care to mention, and the first night I arrived I donned my 'war paint,' as was my wont, when judge of my surprise to find that I was the only man in evening dress at my table. Now I wish to openly protest to such treatment. I think that the manager of such a hotel ought to either insist on evening dress at dinner being indispensable, or he ought at least to seat those visitors who are dressed apart from those who are not."

Mr. Punch is horrified to learn that there are people on the East coast who do not dress for dinner, and he entirely sympathises with the indignant gentleman.

The least that the manager of a hotel should have done in the circumstances, when he recognised the obvious social distinction of the visitor, and the rare refinement of his habits, would have been to give him a suite of apartments to himself. Then he could wear his "war-paint" all day without risk of contamination from the vulgar herd. The other people at his table were much to blame. In common decency they should have gone away and had their food in the kitchen.



"FORE! AND AFT!!!"

THE GUIDE-BOOK REMARKS THAT, "UPON REACHING THE SUMMIT OF THE CLIFF, THE TOURIST IS STRUCK BY THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE BAY." SOME TOURISTS HAVE HAD LESS PLEASANT EXPERIENCES.